



The Celebration in Concord

OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH
OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN ❖ ❖ ❖

FEBRUARY THE TWELFTH, 1909



The
Celebration in Concord
of the
One Hundredth Anniversary
of the Birth of
Abraham Lincoln



February the Twelfth
1909

Printed by vote of the Town at the Annual Town Meeting
held April 6th, 1909



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CELEBRATION IN CONCORD

of the ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY *of the*
BIRTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FEBRUARY 12, 1909

HE Selectmen having decided that the 12th of February, being one hundred years from the day of Abraham Lincoln's birth, should be appropriately celebrated in Concord, appointed Edward J. Bartlett, Harvey Wheeler, and Wells A. Hall a committee to make arrangements for the proper observance of the day. They decided to call a public meeting in the Town Hall on that afternoon, at half-past three o'clock; that the exercises should consist, first, of patriotic songs and recitations recalling the momentous days of Lincoln's administration; second, of an address; third, of personal reminiscences of Lincoln.

Edward W. Emerson was appointed to preside at the meeting.

Scholars of the High School were invited to sing, and Mr. Archibald, the Director of Music, kindly undertook to train the chorus on the old songs, which he did with his usual zeal and success.

Judge Keyes, having been a delegate to the convention which nominated Lincoln for the Presidency, and also present officially as United States Marshal at the first and the second inaugurations of Lincoln and at the consecration of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, was asked to tell the story of those occasions, but his health did not

allow him to accept. Mr. Edward J. Bartlett, under strong urgency, consented to give a personal reminiscence of President Lincoln on the day of the occupation of Richmond by the Army after the long siege in 1865.

Joseph B. Warner, Esq., of Boston, was invited to deliver the address of the occasion, and kindly consented.

The day of the celebration was fine, and early in the afternoon the inhabitants of Concord, young and old, filled the hall. Mr. Charles W. Prescott acted as chief usher, and was assisted by Sergeants Edward J. Varley, Rodney Wheeler, George L. Prescott, and Julian I. Chamberlain, of the Concord Artillery (Company I, Sixth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia), in dress uniform. The Veterans of Old Concord Post of the Grand Army of the Republic marched in in uniform, under command of its second officer, Edward H. Maker, and were given the place of honor.

After the meeting was called to order, the whole assembly, at the request of the Chairman, rose and joined with the school chorus in the spirited war song of 1861, by William B. Bradbury, entitled,

MARCHING ALONG

The army is gathering from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
A cheer for our leader, he's gallant and strong;
For God and our Country we're marching along.

CHORUS

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along;
The Lord is our strength and the Union our song;
For God and our Country we're marching along.

The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver, or turn from the way.
The Lord is our strength and the Union our song;
With courage and faith we are marching along.

CHORUS

The flag of our Country is floating on high;
We'll stand by that flag till we conquer or die.
A cheer for our leader, he's gallant and strong;
Then gird on our armor and be marching along.

CHORUS

The effect was heightened by the stirring accompaniment on the drum by Mr. N. A. Davis.

The Chairman opened the meeting with some brief remarks, alluding especially to that rare quality in Lincoln which gave him courage in the first days of his political career, and in dangerous times, simply to present the *moral issue*, and steadily, in the years that followed, to hold to that; and to his appreciation, also most rare, of the misfortune into which the slaveholder was born, and consequent due allowance for his situation. The Chairman had one reminiscence of Lincoln to contribute, as follows: "Early in 1862 my father lectured in Washington before the Smithsonian Institution on 'Civilization at a Pinch.' He was taken to call on the President by one of his cabinet officers. When he was presented, Mr. Lincoln began: 'Mr. Emerson, I once heard you say in a lecture that a Kentuckian, when you meet him, seems to say, "Here I am. If you don't like me, so much the worse for you."' What French diplomat could have opened a conversation more neatly than did this country politician, who, placed in the White House, saved the Republic at a pinch?"

Gaius W. Merwin, of the Grammar School, then recited the poem by Henry Howard Brownell, of Admiral Farragut's staff, an earnest plea to the President for an Emancipation Proclamation, in the summer of 1862.

ONE WORD

Speak to us today, O Father!
Our hearts are strangely stirred,
A nation's life is hanging
On a yet unspoken word.

Long by the hearthstone corner
May the aged grandame sit,
And toil with trembling fingers
That another sock be knit.

Men may march and manœuvre,
And camp on fields of death,
The iron saurians wheel and dart
And thunder their fiery breath,

But one brave word is wanting —
The word whose tone should start
The pulses of men to flamelets,
Thrilling through every heart.

O Father, trust your children!
If ever you found them fail,
'Twas but for the lack of the one true word,
Which must to the end prevail.

They have shown what men may do,
They have proved how men may die —
Count, who can, the fields they have pressed,
Each face to the solemn sky.

Is it yet forgotten of Shiloh
And the long, outnumbered lines ?
How the blue frocks lay in winrows ?
How they died at Seven Pines ?

How they sank in the Varuna
' (Seven foes in flame around) ?
How they went down in the Cumberland
Firing, cheering as they drowned !

Spirits, a hundred of thousands,
Eager and bold and true,
Gone to make good one brave, just word.
Father, they died for you !

Died in tempest of battle,
Died in the cot's dull pain —
Let their ghosts be glad in heaven
That they died — and not in vain.

And never fear but the living
Shall stand to the last by thee ;
They shall yet make up the million,
And another, if need there be.

But fail not, as thy trust is heaven,
To speak the word shall wake
The holiest fire of a Nation's heart —
Speak it ! for Christ's dear sake.

The angel songs are forever,
The snake can hiss but his day ;
Speak, O Shepherd of Peoples !
And fold earth's blessings for aye.

The Chairman then said how appropriate it was that
the High School boys should take part in this celebration

to the memory of the President who led the Country through the war for its preservation, reminding the audience that the soldiers on whom he relied were the boys. Of more than two and one-half millions of enlistments, two millions are said to have been of boys under twenty-one years. At Gettysburg twenty-eight hundred were killed, and four times as many wounded of those

“ Boys, whose glossy hair
Grows gray in the age of the grave,
Who lie so silent there ;
Because they were strong and brave,
They, whose lives cold set,
Like a winter sun, ill timed,
Whose hearts ran down ere yet
The noon of their lives had chimed.”

John A. Garvey, of the High School, then recited Lincoln's address at the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

The chorus then sang Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address was then recited by George R. Urquhart, of the High School.

The Chairman, in calling upon Mr. Edward J. Bartlett, spoke of the fact, possibly unknown to many of the audience because of that gentleman's modesty, that after active service at the front as a private in the Forty-fourth Regiment of Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, he, as lieutenant in the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, had been privileged to enter Richmond among the first on the day

of its evacuation. The committee therefore had asked him to contribute to the memories of President Lincoln, telling what he saw on that day.

MR. EDWARD J. BARTLETT'S STORY

I WONDER if there are any in this audience, except the veterans of the Civil War, who ever saw Abraham Lincoln. I saw him first in Washington, and also in Virginia, where he often came to see "his boys," as he was fond of calling the soldiers, and many of them were little more than boys.

But I want to tell you of the last time I saw him.

On the morning of April 3, 1865, the city of Richmond, Virginia, was occupied by the Union troops, and it was my good fortune to be a soldier in that army, serving as lieutenant in the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, then under command of our neighbor, Colonel Charles Francis Adams. For four long years of war and suffering this city had been our objective point, but the Army had never advanced beyond its fortifications until that eventful morning.

The night before, our regiment was on the picket line about six miles from Richmond, and at daylight we were ordered to advance. We entered the city, and rode up its burning streets till we came to a halt in front of the Confederate capitol, over which were flying, for the first time in four years, the Stars and Stripes. The flag was a small cavalry guidon, put on the dome by a staff officer of General Weitzel's, our corps commander.

In the afternoon we received orders to form a line of pickets around the city, and the regiment separated, by companies, each going to its appointed place.

I left the square with my company and marched again through the city. The streets were filled with darkeys, who gave us a hearty welcome. They paraded the streets, cheering the Yankees and shouting, "God bless Massa Lincoln!" We saw very few white people, except our soldiers in their bright army blue mingling with the Confederate soldiers in their dirty gray or butternut uniforms. Now and then a white child would run up to us and beg for hard-tack, which the soldiers were throwing to the Negroes.

As we turned into one of the fine avenues we met a brigade of our troops, their ranks reaching from sidewalk to sidewalk, their band playing "Yankee Doodle," as they marched up the broad street.

On each side the beautiful residences looked dark enough, with blinds and curtains closed. You would have thought the houses were empty, if now and then a pale face had not peeped out from behind the curtains. There was one bright exception to this: at an open window stood a lady waving a small American flag, and she got a rousing cheer from our boys as they marched by.

When we had reached the lower part of the city by the waterside, we saw a number of boats and steamers coming up the James River. One boat was at the wharf and its party had landed. Surrounding them was a great crowd, mostly darkeys, who, shouting and cheering, were wild with excitement as the party, consisting of a squad of sailors escorting a number of officers and citizens, came up the street. In the centre of the group I recognized

President Lincoln. He wore a dark overcoat and a very high silk hat, which made him appear much taller than the officers beside him, in their low military caps. He led by the hand his young son "Tad," then twelve years old, who walked beside him and had some trouble in keeping step with his father's long strides. As he approached I had just time to swing my company into line, and to give him the salute with raised sabre, which he acknowledged by lifting his hat as he passed by.

This is the last time I saw Abraham Lincoln. He was murdered ten days afterwards at Ford's Theater in Washington.

He had finished his work. The great war was ended. The shackles were stricken from the slaves.

The Chairman then recalled the days following the rout of our Army at Bull Run, so dark with discouragement to the President, when enlistments were expiring, recruiting dragged, for the flower of the young men had gone early to the war. Yet, if the cause of the Union was to triumph, the ranks must be filled up.

At that time James S. Gibbons, too old to go to the war, but so devotedly serving the cause in the *New York Tribune* that his house was sacked by the draft rioters in the following year, wrote this inspiring song to stimulate enlistment, which will now be sung by the chorus:

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's
shore.

We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.

We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before.
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

CHORUS

We are coming, we are coming, our Union to restore ;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

If you look across the hilltops that meet the Northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry ;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour.
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

CHORUS

If you look all up our valleys, where glowing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast falling into line ;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs ;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door.
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

CHORUS

The Chairman then said, I take great pleasure in introducing to you a good and faithful citizen of Massachusetts, allied to Concord by marriage and by sympathy, one who will speak to us the lesson of the man and the hour, Mr. Joseph B. Warner, of Boston.

MR. WARNER'S ADDRESS

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:



IT would be useless, even if there were time, for me to try to tell you anything new about Lincoln. Many books deal with his biography, and magazines and newspapers have been full for weeks of the incidents of his life. You all have the picture before you, and can see, as it unrolls, its deep shadows and its hard, strong lines. You see the boy in his beginnings—not the humble New England beginnings with which we are all familiar, and which have so often proved the starting place for great achievement, but the degrading hardships of the Southern poor white of a hundred years ago. You see the slack and shiftless father moving from place to place unconcerned about the training of his children, the poorly clad family huddled in a three-sided shed little better than a cowpen, the young boy finding his own way without encouragement and with no example that could inspire or guide, his lack even of the most elementary schooling—Lincoln had less than a year of school in his whole life—his famishing hunger for books which could not be got, his hard daily toil, his nightly self-discipline with pen and such casual volumes as could be borrowed, one here and one there, from distant neighbors, his rough companions, the rail-splitting, the half-idle country storekeeping—all this is a picture of

harsh fortune, so harsh that you could expect from it at best nothing but poor mediocrity.

Let nobody think that these abject beginnings were not a hindrance in Lincoln's growth. To pretend that with more favoring opportunities he would not have developed more symmetrically is inconsistent with everything that Lincoln said and did in training himself. All that we can say about his early life is that the struggle with difficulties did still further toughen a nature which was born with an unusual endowment of strength, and that in spite of those deadening surroundings he developed a fineness of feeling and a tenderness of sympathy which we now think of as almost the most essential things in him. Perhaps nothing in all his achievements is more extraordinary than that he should have shown a power to speak and write not only with a forceful simplicity, but with a beauty of form which puts some of his speeches among the acknowledged masterpieces of our language. That power does not come from bearing the privations and fighting the obstacles of a pioneer life. It is heaven-given, and can live only in a gentle nature.

But whatever his early life did to help or hinder him, he was soon the master of his own fate. Somehow, you hardly know how, there gradually grew a power to think and to speak with force, a sober absorption and a matured opinion in public questions. Neighbors became accustomed to look to Lincoln to speak for them and to them; he showed an increasing power to lead. The first conspicuous evidence of this was an election to Congress, where he served an inconspicuous single term. Through everything it was plain that moral convictions were hardening and a sense of the great wrong of slavery was over-

powering his mind. Then came his opportunity when, as a candidate for the United States Senate, he carried on the great debates with Douglas up and down the state of Illinois. At the end of those debates he stood a defeated candidate, but the foremost champion in the West of the constitutional anti-slavery principle, the principle which alone could appeal to the practical people of the country; and the echoes of his voice were heard even in the East. How he could ever have been nominated for the Presidency against great leaders like Seward and Chase was a mystery then, and is a mystery now; but by the grace of heaven it so happened. The four long years of the war, with difficulties and responsibilities such as were hardly ever put upon man before, were spent with unending patience in a struggle against armed enemies in front and criticism and complaints behind. These years past, he was ready for the new task of reconstruction, a task only less heavy than the first, when death came, in such a form and at such a time that it seemed to have been planned to end this hard-strained life in one final act of tragedy which should concentrate on it the sympathy of the world.

I shall not try to make an estimate of Lincoln's life or character. I must insist, however, that it would be a mistake to fasten our attention too exclusively on the things which set off the contrast between the awkward, unpolished man, and what was to be expected in a President of the United States. Though the homely traits of Lincoln are interesting he is to be measured not by his accidents but by his essential character, and that makes his figure, on its lonely pedestal, one of the most dignified and elevated which our human nature has reached. Let

nobody conclude, then, from his history that education may be dispensed with, and that any training is good enough for the most difficult work. The fact is that we have in Lincoln an instance of extraordinary fitness for the work of leading a nation through a terrible crisis, a fitness so extraordinary that analysis does not explain it and we are left to fall back on the simple fact that no obstacles were able to prevent the appearance of the force which the Western world needed at that moment to keep it in its orbit. It is better to leave his greatness unexplained than to belittle it with the comfortable theory, which we are too much inclined to adopt in this country, that any American is equal to any task.

It is natural for us today to consider not only what Lincoln was in his own time but what he stands for now. What is there that remains of his influence and example to help us to find our way through our present problems? And here it must be recognized that we have passed into a new world where we cannot have him as a leader.

New occasions call for new methods and have new dangers. Our problems are as unlike those that Lincoln had to meet as our compact and indissoluble Union is unlike his distracted country of warring states. Lincoln's main object was to save the Union. "If I could save the Union," he said, "without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all of the slaves I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would do that." Now we not only have the Union saved, but we have a nation so solidified that its interests overpower the interests of the separate states. The pressure is reversed, and instead of a Union which has to fight for its existence against the claims of

sovereign states we have a central authority so powerful that the field of government which the states have been accustomed to consider their own tends steadily to shrink. How far this shall go is now perhaps the most vital question that confronts us as we stand at the end of the century that began with Lincoln's birth. It always has been vital. It is the old difficulty that has beset every federation. It perplexed our forefathers; it gave the Constitution its uncertain and ambiguous tone; it shook the Republic even before the Civil War; it occasioned the indecisive discussions in the Dred Scott case; it shaped Lincoln's debates with Douglas; it was the occasion, though not precisely the inner cause, of the war; it made reconstruction the puzzle of lawyers and statesmen; and it stands out today with perhaps a sharper insistence than at any time for forty years. At this moment three states are asserting the right to exclude the Japanese from their borders, or at least to tolerate them only as a special class, restricted in their right to own property and to educate their children. It is a position which not only affronts Japan, but may arouse China and India, and perhaps even an organized Asia with its hundreds of millions of souls. To the people of the Pacific coast this appears, rightly or wrongly, to be an issue which involves the safety of their industries and their own homes; to the high-spirited Japanese it seems a wanton insult, giving the lie to our fine professions of equality, hospitality, and democracy; to our government, bound by treaties, or by understandings and arrangements nearly as sacred as treaties, it is a matter of grave alarm. However this particular difficulty may be disposed of for the moment, we see opening before us the whole depth of the question, How can the welfare of the nation be sustained

and its obligations met if every state is to be free to assert against foreigners its own selfish interests? Still more difficult is the question, of which we now hear so much, How far is a state to keep control of the business which its citizens have with the citizens of other states, and how far is this to be in the hands of the central government?

Such are the new forms in which we have the old difficulty of adjusting the relation of the states to the nation. Lincoln met it so far as to establish for all time the fact that there is a nation; he left it for us to work out all that is to follow from that. It would be vain to look to his example to furnish us with definite guidance in our problems, for each generation must help itself. But at least we have learned from him to look at the Union not as a mere bond which holds together separate states, each claiming jealously the utmost independence it can secure, but as a great organism. Every Massachusetts man is above all an American, the fellow-citizen of every other in the farthest corner of our common country. His loyalty to his state is not divided by this; it is intensified, for he feels that Massachusetts is what she is because she is a vital part of a greater living body, and can flourish, and even exist, only as the whole body shall be strong. To have large views, to think and feel as a nation, to distrust little prejudices, surely this is what Lincoln teaches us, and for this he stands today. From his time to our own it is the men who have been able to reach these heights that have most enspirited us and led us on.

What can a man do to serve his country? This is the question that rises in each of us whenever he looks at Lincoln and feels that the country which that man lived for is my country; what he did is a part of my history;

I have to inspire me the same ideals that he had, the same belief to sustain me, the same great end to serve.

In Lincoln's time the answer to the question, What shall I do? was plainer. It may have been hard to face, but it was often terribly definite. How many young men, spending comfortable days, as you and I are spending them, in the pleasant glow of emotion over other men's fine actions, suddenly felt their hearts stop as they caught the inner whisper they were half fearing, half waiting for, which said:

“ 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.”

It was easy to know then whether one loved one's country.

But now patriotism is not so simple a thing. It does not act by swift command, nor point a plain path. I am not speaking of service to one's town and neighbors; this remains, so far as private every-day duty goes, much as it ever was. But what does the larger love of country demand of each of us, and how are we to keep it bright and glowing?

It must be admitted, not only that the individual citizen's active participation in national affairs is slight, but that his opportunity for direct influence in his own state, and even in his own city if he happens to live in a big city rather than in a town, is not usually obvious. This results not only from the fact that the size of the community makes individual effort difficult, but our political machinery, and the place of the individual citizen in the state, have so far changed from Lincoln's time that the simple conception of political duty has given way to something more complicated and doubtful. Once it seemed

enough to say that the country was safe if each citizen cast his vote with honest purpose. Now we see that in many of the most important matters of government the citizen is incompetent not only to act, but even to give any but the most general opinion. His only safety is to commit to experts matters that he cannot manage. A few years ago it seemed that all we needed to give us proper schools was that the citizens should elect a few good men from their neighbors to the School Committee. We now see that the control of education is a matter requiring so much expert knowledge that it must be left mainly to men of special training. We see, too, that the government of a city cannot be kept, I will not say efficient, but even honest, simply by the voice of the people annually expressed at the polls, but that it is a highly complex matter, needing to be planned with study and executed in great part by men of experience intrusted with long terms of power. The sanitary arrangements of a town, its water supply, the care of its highways, and its police are not things to be left to each town by itself, to be decided as political matters by well-meaning voters; but the safety of every community is bound up with the safety of every other, and is dependent upon scientific methods and complicated arrangements of administration which the ordinary voter cannot by any possibility master. We must accept the fact that modern government has become a highly organized business, which cannot be meddled with through political interference without deranging it.

Now all this means a change in our conception of the citizen's part in his government. His position is approaching that of a stockholder in a railroad company, who is a part owner in the enterprise but is on no account to be

allowed to run the trains, direct the business, manage the finances, or, in fact, do anything but vote for directors to act for him.

In short, it is plain that the part which the citizen plays in the government of his country, and to a considerable extent of his own state and city, is necessarily pushed into the background. Even his vote, at least in city politics, tends to become operative only at longer intervals, because greater permanence in office is found to be needed. It is necessary to recognize all this, or we shall be confused in trying to determine our duty, and may be driven either to attempting what we do not understand or blaming ourselves unjustly for doing so little.

What now becomes of the America of Lincoln's time? What becomes of the ideas of self-government and public activity which have been for generations our meat and drink?

I should answer, in the first place, that it is still the citizen's duty to try to understand and express himself on public questions, each up to the measure of his time and his ability. In the last resort everything is settled by public opinion, provided public opinion can be brought to bear on it; and you and I make public opinion. Certainly nothing will be so ruinous as to have the body of the people absorbed in personal interests and indifferent to what is going on. At the same time let us recognize that the only way to have the complex matters of modern life safely dealt with is by relying on experienced men, and in technical matters upon trained experts.

But this falling back on experts, though it must make the citizen's intervention less direct, is not going to relieve him of responsibility in public affairs. Our government

is not to be handed over wholly to trustees. It is the citizen himself who is to select the expert, scrutinize his work, and judge of results. What should follow is that the candidates for office are to be less often the talking politician, the manipulator of votes, the nominee of the boss, and are to be more and more men whose qualifications make them competent. The purely political character of the office, at least the administrative office, will diminish; the business character, and even the scientific character, of it will increase. In all this there can be nothing but gain for the citizen, who is already getting weary, if one can trust the signs of the times, of the artificial fury of party contests, and the futility of voting without interest for nominees who are selected for him.

One other thing I venture to urge, and that is that in matters which we intrust to chosen officers we should have a generous confidence in our agents, unless we have definite reason to distrust them. It is easy to get into a state of chronic suspicion about men in the public service, especially in Washington, which is a long way off. Many people seem to have no other view of public matters than to try to pull down whoever is up, and think their one duty is to find fault. There is occasion enough to see evils which are demonstrated beyond a doubt, and with these our first duty is to be inexorable in reform and in punishment. We must never get used to corruption, or fail to feel hot when we see it. But it is one thing to pursue evil that we know of, and quite another to suspect every one of being evil. Unhappily the newspapers pander to our taste for sensations, and it becomes hard to settle down into satisfaction with any one, or to admire any statesman until we come to bury him. That is a miserable state of

mind, and one, in my judgment, incompatible with patriotic feeling. How can we be proud of our country and at the same time affect to despise all the public men who represent it? And unless we are proud of our country we shall find it hard to love it. One of the chief burdens that Lincoln had to bear was the harsh criticism and want of confidence of his own people. They would have overwhelmed him with abuse if it had been possible. What he suffered, Washington suffered, and so, in less degree, has almost every man high in the national government. It has become too much our habit to listen to detraction, to attribute low motives, to suspect and assert the worst. In this soil patriotism grows feebly; the air is cold.

We can take a lesson here even from the Japanese, whom some of our people want to reject as intolerable company. Their support of their government in times of trouble, their religious worship of their ancestors, their confidence in the ideals of their idolized country and their joyful sacrifices for it—these traits, whether we find them all reasonable or not, at least serve to raise men's lives to high enthusiasm and enable them to live and die with glorious, unselfish dreams.

As we end this first period and enter on another century of Lincoln's immortal life, how fresh his memory seems! How warm and palpitating that great heart still is! As a statesman, as a commander, he may grow faint with time. The memory of a war hero is framed in a setting of war, where everything usual and normal is suspended, and we see only terrible tragedies and awful issues. Such men have a place apart. Their battles fought, they fall back among the figures of the past, and move about in a dim light which makes the horrors of war

unthinkable when it is over, and the actors in it a part of the story of

“ Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago.”

But Lincoln is forever near. Some generation, sometime, will forget the precise movement of events in that great drama where his was the leading part; it will forget his policies, his public acts, his military plans. But his magnanimity, his patience, his unquenchable human feeling, his self-sacrificing love—these qualities will remain. They live with the life which keeps the spirit of the religion of Christ, in spite of varying creeds and changing views, the inner ideal of our race. They affront the things of this world; they fly in the face of much that we esteem and exalt; they are overshadowed by the greatness of power; but in our hearts we know that they alone are great.

At the close of Mr. Warner's address, the whole company joined the chorus in the singing of “America,” which concluded the exercises.

